

## S O N N E T      X L I I .



HEN never-speaking silence groves  
a wonder ;

When ever-flying flame at home  
remaineth ; When all-concealing night  
keeps darkness under ;

When men-devouring wrong true glory  
gaineth ; When soul-tormenting grief  
agrees with joy;

When LUCIFER foreruns the baleful  
night; When VENUS doth forsake her  
little boy ;

When her untoward boy obtaineth  
sight; When SYSIPHUS doth cease to  
roll his stone;

When OTHES shaketh off his heavy  
chain; When Beauty, Queen of  
Pleasure is alone;

When Love and Virtue, quiet peace  
disdain: When these shall be, and I  
not be; Then will FIDESSA pity me;

## S O N N E T      X L I I I ,



ELL me of love, Sweet LOVE, who is  
thy sire ?

Or if thou mortal or  
immortal be ? Some say " Thou art  
begotten by Desire!

Nourished with Hope ! and fed with  
Fantasy ! Engendered by a heavenly Goddess's  
eye.

Lurking most sweetly in an angel's  
face." Others that " Beauty, thee doth  
deify ! "

(O sovereign Beauty, full of power and  
grace !) But I must be absurd all this  
denying,

Because the fairest Fair alive ne'er knew  
thee. Now, CUPID ! comes thy godhead to  
the trying !

'Twas She alone (such is her power !) that  
slew me ! She shall be LOVE, and thou a foolish  
boy!

Whose virtue proves thy power is but a toy.